

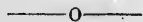
THE COLD WIND,

Then life returned once more; and I arose,
 And turning from the sea, behold! the sun
 Rose clear resplendent o'er the orient hills.



The cold wind roars, the loud blue wave
 Lashes itself upon the shore,
 The wind shall rise the waters rave,
 As long as air and seas endure.

The sea arises, let it roll,
 The wind is blowing, let it roar;
 For we have fallen on my soul,
 And I must mourn for evermore.



Can life be life indeed, and is death, death?
 Is love a truth, are friendship and our faith,
 And all we trust in, as to us they seem?
 Or are our love and faith but shadows all,
 And death a shadow that doth deeper fall,
 And life itself the shadow of a dream?